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be included the various histories of architecture and of art, and monographs relating to the latest excavations and discoveries. These publications are many and valuable, and in most cases authoritative, but unfortunately they are not consulted by the modern architect after he has left the classroom, and oftentimes not even in the class-room, while plates of Buhlmann and Normand, and the wonderful restorations in D'Espouy, and the works of our old friend of Vignola, are in most architects' offices, and are continually subject to painful search and unscrupulous and indiscriminate copying.

Personally, I am a most profound admirer of Classic architecture, and I would be the last one to regret the publication of these books, to underestimate their value or to criticise their use. What I do criticise and sincerely regret is their indiscriminate and unintelligent use. It is of the greatest possible advantage to us to know what the ancients did, how they used the Orders, and why they did certain things under certain conditions. If we had not this knowledge, we would be under the necessity of attempting to develop new orders of architecture of our own. Gaining nothing from the experience of the past, we would be led into the wildest vagaries, and our architecture would rival the atrocities of cubism and futurism.

But the great trouble with the books that we have is, that in few of them is there any indication of why things were done. We either find some elaborate plates showing one man's idea of Classic Arch-

itecture, or we find a certain rather dry account of excavations and their results, speculations as to the possible antiquity of certain remains, and how they were placed in reference to certain other fragments which have been discovered; but there is no attempt, or scarcely none, to explain the real principles which governed the Greeks and Romans in the development of their architecture. There seems to be no attempt on the part of the author to try to put himself in the position of the designer of the building and to work out the reasons which probably led him, under certain geographical or climatic conditions, to do certain things. This seems not to have been attempted by any of the restorers who were architects, and is naturally impossible to the archæologist who is not himself an architect. Even though he may have acquired a certain technical knowledge of architecture, he lacks the imaginative qualities which are a necessity to the real architect and designer, and can, therefore, only state his facts and prove his dates; and it often happens that some of his ideas of restoration, although possibly justifiable from an archæological point of view, are ridiculous from the point of view of design. I have always hoped that the fruitfulness of this field would be realized by some experienced architects who had leisure enough to devote themselves to a long and exhaustive study of these problems, and it is with the hope of arousing some interest in this field that this series of articles has been written.

Egerton Swartwout

(To be continued).

THOMAS EAKINS

BY WILLIAM SARTAIN

(See page 292)

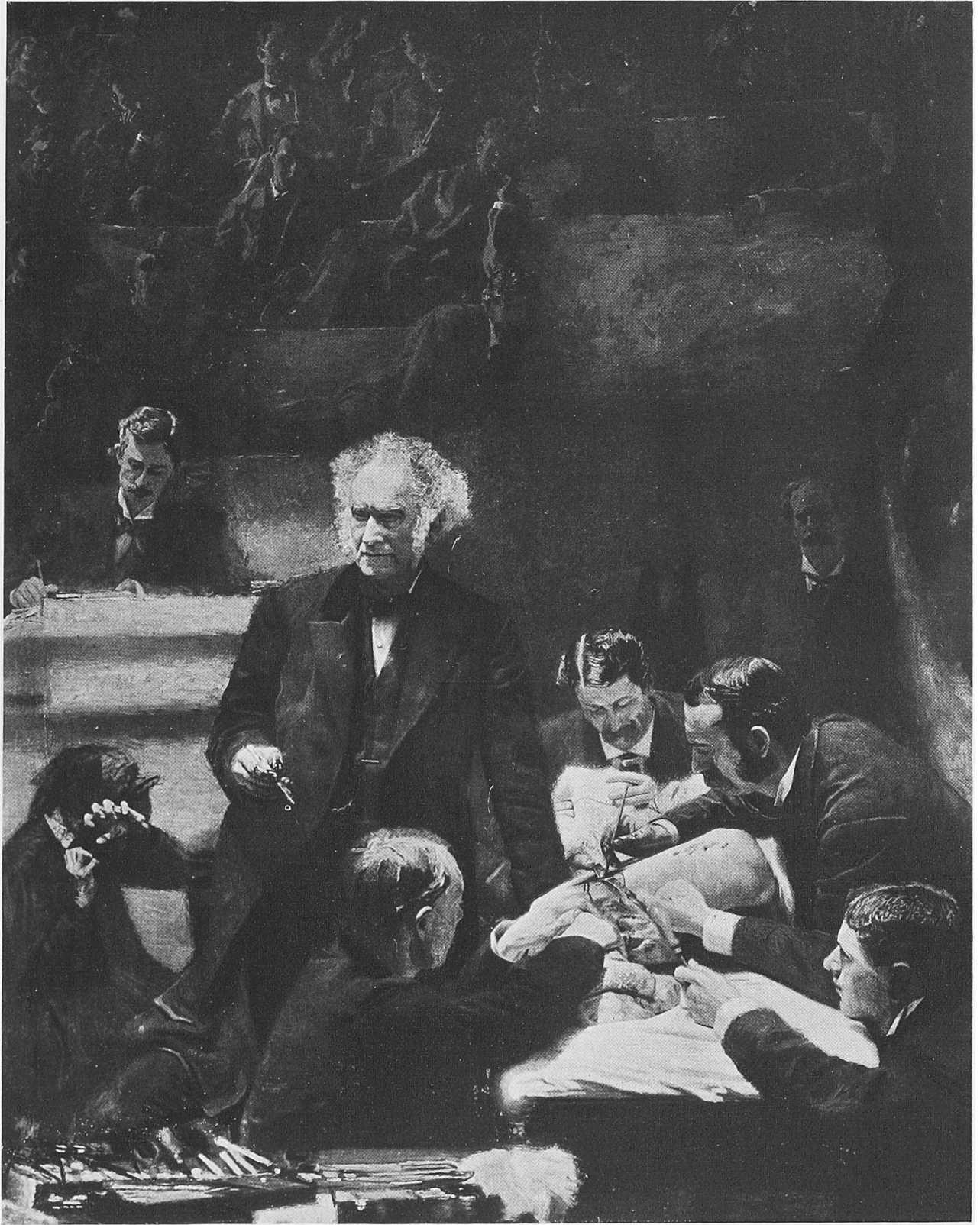
THOMAS EAKINS was born in Philadelphia July 25th, 1844. Graduating from the Philadelphia High School the year before the Civil War, he commenced the study of art at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. After several years he was sent over to Paris to complete his studies and entered the studios of Léon Gérôme at the École des Beaux Arts. I was his intimate friend from twelve years of age at grammar school, college and the Pennsylvania Academy, and later I joined him in Paris where we had many friends in common, meeting Rosa Bonheur, Le Comte de Nouy and Dagnan-Bouveret in constant intercourse. When near the end of his Paris studies, just before the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, Eakins and his classmate, H. Humphrey Moore, went for a six months' sojourn to Seville. I joined them there shortly afterwards, and if little completed work is to be shown for our painting there, we had an inspiring study of the great Spanish art, and many fine excursions on horseback, including one of nine days to Ronda and the wilds of Andalusia. Shortly after our return to Paris, Eakins went back to America to practice his art in Philadelphia.

Fond of rowing and sailing and interested in athletics, he made a number of racing and hunting pictures as well as boxing contests. One of these he sent over to me in Paris which I showed to Gérôme, who highly praised it. I then took this

painting to Goupil, who immediately purchased it. Yet it was some time after this before he ever sold any of his paintings in America.

Having always been a very serious student, he remained as much interested in this as in producing pictures. No one was more devoted to anatomy, dissecting many subjects and interested in all the scientific problems connected with art. He was sincere and exact in his rendering of form and movement, and in these essential studies interested the numerous students that gathered round him. For over a score of years he taught painting and sculpture in life classes—first in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and afterwards in his own school, as also in the Brooklyn Art Students' League and the Brooklyn Guild, and lectured in Philadelphia and New York on anatomy and perspective.

On his more particularly specializing as portraiture, his most important subject was the "Dr. Gross' Clinic," a most notable work, which, however, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts would not hang. About this time the Society of American Artists was formed in New York. La Farge, who had been badly treated in the Academy exhibitions, Samuel Colman, George Inness and other National Academicians were among the founders. To its first exhibition Eakins sent his "Dr. Gross' Clinic" and it produced a profound impression. This exhibition was such a decided success that the



"DOCTOR GROSS"

PAINTED BY THOMAS EAKINS

Masterpiece of Realism showing an operation on a boy. The mother on the left is overcome by her fear.

Pennsylvania Academy asked that it be sent to them to form a section of their spring exhibition—and thus—somewhat against their wishes—was Eakins' masterpiece seen in his native city. Exhibited lately in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in a collection of his paintings, this work has been again seen and its place accorded a high rank in the art of our country.

The following year he sent "Wm. Rush Carving His Allegorical Statue of the Schuylkill River." Rush was a very talented carver of figureheads for ships in Philadelphia. His statue of Washington is in Independence Hall; it is seen in the background of the picture. Rush had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War and was a friend of George Washington and held an honorable position on the Water Works Board of the city; the daughter of one of the Board consented to pose nude for the statue. In the catalogue of the exhibition this painting, and Will Low's picture of the decoration of the graves of the dead in a French cemetery on All Souls' Day, each had some explanatory text below the title. By an error of the printer these texts were transposed and that printed under the Rush painting read: "Following the pious custom of the country," etc., which caused much consternation and amusement to the public!

Eakins then painted "The Agnew Clinic," now owned by the University of Pennsylvania as the "Dr. Gross Clinic" is by Jefferson College. His "Cello Player" is in the collection of the Pennsyl-

vania Academy of Fine Art and the Metropolitan Museum owns his admirable "Chess Players" and one of his sporting scenes. His "Zither Player" is an admirable work. He also painted his father's portrait, lately shown in New York, and many portraits of well-known men.

In no case did Eakins deviate from a truthful rendering of his model as he saw it for the purpose of gaining popular favor. It was fortunate that his father was possessed of some property and Eakins in a way was comfortably placed. His sincerity immediately impresses you at sight of his work, and it is this that gives it a distinctive character and assures for it a permanent value and esteem.

Personally, Eakins impressed one as to character a sincere, unaffected man and a thinker. No one could doubt his being a man of originality and convictions, distinctly apart from the mass of his contemporaries.

His wife was a lady of talent who was a painter in her youth and whose portrait of Professor Schussele was a very notable work. Devoted to her husband's interests, she was an ideal companion to him. For several years before his death he was in a state of health that precluded his doing any painting. But his whole life had been one of untiring industry and he has left us numerous important canvases that will be more and more appreciated in the future. He died in June 1916, lacking one month of completing his 72nd year.

William Sartain

TWO SONNETS

LEONARDO DA VINCI

The strangest man the world has ever known—
A super-mind as restless as the sea—
Oidipous striving with a Mystery—
Nature, the Sphinx, who turns the bold to stone!
He seems as drunken with some violent wine
Which goads him on and on to fathom deeps;
He seeks in dreadful caves to find where sleeps
The Primal Secret—blessed or malign!

Can you not see him with his wild, black eyes
Playing his harp shaped like a horse's skull?
Evoking souls with brush and pigments dull—
The Renaissance's most effulgent prize?
Or at his sciences, vouchsafed to cull
Ideas whose truth his age did not surmise?

EL GRECO

The damp and putrefaction of the tomb
Hover about this wild Toledan's work;
An irresistible sable seems to lurk
About these ebon canvases . . . The bloom
Of poisonous asphodels fresh from the gloom
Of haunted Ennas! Not for him the perk
Of Fra Angelico's cheeks—rather the murk
And ghastly mystery of the Lands of Doom.

The flowers Venetian and the Florentine,
The faint, red blushes and the iris eyes
Wield to these charnel blacks a prior claim,
For in these paintings tenebrous there lies
The Apocalypse which face to face was seen
By this Unknown—who had not even a name.

David Gordon

